



The Irish Theosophist.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF CUCHULLAIN.

BY Æ. AND ARETAS.

(Concluded from p. 89.)

What is the love of shadowy lips
That know not what they seek or press,
From whom the lure for ever slips
And fails their phantom tenderness?

The mystery and light of eyes
That near to mine grow dim and cold;
They move afar in ancient skies
Mid flame and mystic darkness rolled.

Oh, hero, as thy heart o'erflows
In tender yielding unto me,
A vast desire awakes and grows
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

V.

THE MANTLE OF MANNANAN.

AGAIN Liban stood before them, and her eyes were full of reproach.

"You doubt the truth of my message," she said. "Come, then, to the Plain of Fire, and you shall see the one who sent me."

"I doubt you not," said Cuchullain quietly; "but it is not fitting that I should go when the message is brought by a woman, for such is the warning I have had in vision from Lu Lamfada. Laeg shall go with you, and if he brings back the same message, then I shall do the bidding of the Sidhe, and wage war against the evil enchanters, even as when a lad I vanquished the brood of wizards at Dun-mic-Nectan."

"Where did Liban take you this time, Laeg? Have you brought back a message from the Sidhe?"

"I have seen the Chief," said Laeg, whose doubts had vanished and whose whole manner had changed. "Cuchullain, you must go. You remember how we went together to Brusna by the Boyne, and what wonders they showed us in the sacred crypt. Yet this is a place more marvellous—thrice. Well indeed did Liban call it the Plain of Fire, for a breath of fire is in the air for leagues and leagues around. On the lake where the Sidhe dwell the fishers row by and see nothing, or, mayhap, a flicker of phantasmal trees around the dun. These trees are rooted in a buried star beneath the earth; when its heart pulsates they shine like gold, aye, and are fruited with ruby lights. Indeed this Labraid is one of the Gods. I saw him come through the flaming rivers of the underworld. He was filled with the radiance. I am not given to dread the Sidhe, but there was that in him which compelled awe; for oh, he came from the homes that were anciently ours—ours who are fallen, and whose garments once bright are stained by the lees of time. He greeted me kindly. He knew me by my crimson mantle with five folds. He asked for you; indeed they all wish to have you there."

"Did he say aught further?"

"No, he spoke but little; but as I returned by Mag Luada I had a vision. I saw you standing under the sacred Tree of Victory. There were two mighty ones, one on each side of you, but they seemed no greater than you."

"Was Fand there?" asked Cuchullain.

"Yes," said Laeg reluctantly; "I saw her and spoke to her, although I did not wish to. I feared for myself. Ethné and Emer are beautiful women, but this woman is not like them. She is half divine. The holiest of Druids might lose his reason over her."

"Let us go thither," said Cuchullain.

The night was clear, breathless, pure as a diamond. The giant lights far above floated quietly in the streams of space. Below slept the lake mirroring the shadowy blue of the mountains. The great mounds, the homes of the Sidhe, were empty; but over them floated a watchful company, grave, majestic, silent, waiting. In stately procession their rich, gleaming figures moved to and fro in groups of twos and threes, emblazoning the dusky air with warm colors. A little apart, byond the headland at the island's edge, two more commanding than the rest communed together. The wavering water reflected head-

long their shining figures in its dark depths; above them the ancient blue of the night rose as a crown. These two were Labraid and the warrior of Murthemney restored to all his Druid power. Terrible indeed in its beauty, its power, its calm, was this fiery phantasmal form beside the king of the Sidhe.

"We came to Eri many, many ages ago," said Labraid; "from a land the people of to-day hold no memory of. Mighty for good and for evil were the dwellers in that land, but its hour struck and the waters of the ocean entomb it. In this island, which the mighty Gods of Fire kept apart and sacred, we made our home. But after long years a day came when the wise ones must needs depart from this also. They went eastward. A few only remained to keep alive the tradition of what was, the hope of what will be again. For in this island, it is foretold, in future ages will arise a light which will renew the children of time. But now the world's great darkness has come. See what exhalations arise! What demons would make Eri their home!"

Away at the eastern verge a thick darkness was gathering; a pitchy blackness out of which a blood-red aerial river rolled and shot its tides through the arteries of the night. It came nigher. It was dense with living creatures, larvæ, horrible shapes with waving tendrils, white withered things restless and famished, hoglike faces, monstrosities. As it rolled along there was a shadowy dropping over hamlet and village and field.

"Can they not be stayed? Can they not be stayed?" rang the cry of Fand.

The stern look on Cuchullain's face deepened.

"Is it these pitiful spectres we must wage war against? Labraid, it is enough. I will go—alone. Nay, my brother, one is enough for victory."

Already he was oblivious of the Sidhe, the voices of Fand and Laeg calling him. A light like a wonder-mist broke dazzling about him. Through a mist of fire, an excess of light, they saw a transcendent form of intensest gold treading the air. Over the head of the god a lightning thread like a serpent undulated and darted. It shed a thousand dazzling rays; it chanted in a myriad tones as it went forward. Wider grew the radiant sphere and more triumphant the chant as he sped onward and encountered the overflow of hell. Afar off the watchers saw and heard the tumult, cries of a horrible conflict, agonies of writhing and burning demons scorched and annihilated, reeling away before the onset of light. On and still on he sped, now darkened and again blazing like the sun.

"Look! look!" cried Laeg, breathless with exultation as the dazzling phantom towered and waved its arms on the horizon.

"They lied who said he was powerless," said Fand, no less exultant.

"Cu, my darling," murmured the charioteer; "I know now why I loved you, what burned within you."

"Shall we not go and welcome him when he returns?" said Liban.

"I should not advise it," Laeg answered. "Is it to meet that fury of fire when he sinks back blind and oblivious? He would slay his dearest friend. I am going away from here as fast as I can."

Through the dark forests at dawn the smoke began to curl up from dun and hamlet, and, all unconscious of the war waged over their destinies, children awoke to laugh and men and women went forth to breathe the sweet air of morning.

Cuchullain started from a dream of more ancient battles, of wars in heaven. Through the darkness of the room he saw the shadowy forms of the two daughters of Aed Abrait; not as before, the mystic maidens armed with Druid power, but women, melting, tender, caressing. Violet eyes shining with gratitude; darker eyes burning with love, looked into his. Misty tresses fell over him.

"I know not how the battle went," he sighed. "I remember the fire awoke. . . . Lu was with me. . . . I fell back in a blinding mist of flame and forgot everything."

"Doubt it not. Victory went with thee, warrior," said Liban. "We saw thee: it was wonderful. How the seven splendors flashed and the fiery stars roved around you and scattered the demons!"

"Oh, do not let your powers sink in sleep again," broke forth Fand. "What are the triumphs of earthly battles to victories like these? What is rule over a thousand warriors to kingship over the skyey hosts? Of what power are spear and arrow beside the radiant sling of Lu? Do the war-songs of the Ultonians inspire thee ever like the terrible chant of fire? After freedom can you dwell in these gloomy duns? What are the princeliest of them beside the fiery halls of Tir-na-noge and the flame-built cities of the Gods? As for me, I would dwell where the great ones of ancient days have gone, and worship at the shrine of the silent and unutterable Awe."

"I would go indeed," said Cuchullain; "but still—but still—; it is hard to leave the green plains of Murthemney, and the Ultonians who have fought by my side, and Laeg, and—"

"Laeg can come with us. Nor need Conchobar, or Fergus or Conail be forgotten. Far better can you aid them with Druid power

than with the right arm a blow may make powerless in battle. Go with Laeg to Iban-Cind-Trachta. Beside the yew-tree there is a dun. There you can live hidden from all. It is a place kept sacred by the might of the Sidhe. I will join you there."

A month passed. In a chamber of the Dun of the Yew-tree, Fand, Cuchullain and Laeg were at night. The two latter sat by an oaken table and tried by divination to peer into the future. Fand, withdrawn in the dark shadow of a recess, lay on a couch and looked on. Many thoughts went passing through her mind. Now the old passion of love would rise in her heart to be quenched by a weary feeling of futility, and then a half-contempt would curl her lips as she saw the eagerness of her associates. Other memories surged up. "Oh, Man-nanan, Father-Self, if thou hadst not left me and my heart had not turned away! It was not a dream when I met thee and we entered the Ocean of Fire together. Our beauty encompassed the world. Radiant as Lu thy brother of the Sun we were. Far away as the dawn seems the time. How beautiful, too, was that other whose image in the hero enslaves my heart. Oh, that he would but know himself, and learn that on this path the greatest is the only risk worth taking! And now he holds back the charioteer also and does him wrong." Just then something caused her to look up. She cried out, "Laeg, Laeg, do you see anything?"

"What is it?" said Laeg. Then he also looked and started. "Gods!" he murmured. "Emer! I would rather face a tempest of Fomorian enchanters."

"Do you not see?" repeated Fand scornfully. "It is Emer the daughter of Forgall. Has she also become one of the Sidhe that she journeys thus?"

"She comes in dream," said Laeg.

"Why do you intrude upon our seclusion here? You know my anger is no slight thing," broke out Cuchullain, in ready wrath hiding his confusion. The shadow of Emer turned, throwing back the long, fair hair from her face the better to see him. There was no dread on it, but only outraged womanly dignity. She spake and her voice seemed to flow from a passionate heart far away brooding in sorrowful loneliness.

"Why do I come? Hast thou not degraded me before all the maidens of Eri by forsaking me for a woman of the Sidhe without a cause? You ask why I come when every one of the Ultonians looks at me in questioning doubt and wonder! But I see you have found a more beautiful partner."

"We came hither, Laeg and I, to learn the lore of the Sidhe. Why should you not leave me here for a time, Emer? This maiden is of wondrous magical power: she is a princess in her own land, and is as pure and chaste to this hour as you."

"I see indeed she is more beautiful than I am. That is why you are drawn away. Her face has not grown familiar. Everything that is new or strange you follow. The passing cheeks are ruddier than the pale face which has shared your troubles. What you know is weariness, and you leave it to learn what you do not know. The Ultonians falter while you are absent from duty in battle and council, and I, whom you brought with sweet words when half a child from my home, am left alone. Oh, Cuchullain, beloved, I was once dear to thee, and if to-day or to-morrow were our first meeting I should be so again."

A torrent of self-reproach and returning love overwhelmed him. "I swear to you," he said brokenly, through fast-flowing tears, "you are immortally dear to me, Emer."

"Then you leave me," burst forth Fand, rising to her full height, her dark, bright eyes filled with a sudden fire, an image of mystic indignation and shame.

"If indeed," said Emer softly, "joy and love and beauty are more among the Sidhe than where we dwell in Eri, then it were better for thee to remain."

"No, he shall not now," said Fand passionately. "It is I whom he shall leave. I long foresaw this moment, but ran against fate like a child. Go, warrior, Cu; tear this love out of thy heart as I out of mine. Go, Laeg, I will not forget thee. Thou alone hast thought about these things truly. But now—I cannot speak." She flung herself upon the couch in the dark shadow and hid her face away from them.

The pale phantom wavered and faded away, going to one who awoke from sleep with a happiness she could not understand. Cuchullain and Laeg passed out silently into the night. At the door of the dun a voice they knew not spake:

"So, warrior, you return. It is well. Not yet for thee is the brotherhood of the Sidhe, and thy destiny and Fand's lie far apart. Thine is not so great but it will be greater, in ages yet to come, in other lands, among other peoples, when the battle fury in thee shall have turned to wisdom and anger to compassion. Nations that lie hidden in the womb of time shall hail thee as friend, deliverer and saviour. Go and forget what has passed. This also thou shalt forget. It will not linger in thy mind; but in thy heart shall remain the memory and it will urge thee to nobler deeds. Farewell, warrior, saviour that is to be!"

As the two went along the moonlit shore mighty forms followed,
and there was a waving of awful hands over them to blot out memory.

In the room where Fand lay with mad beating heart tearing itself
in remorse, there was one watching with divine pity. Mannanan, the
Golden Glory, the Self of the Sun. "Weep not, O shadow; thy days
of passion and pain are over," breathed the Pity in her breast. "Rise
up, O Ray, from thy sepulchre of forgetfulness. Spirit, come forth to
thy ancient and immemorial home." She rose up and stood erect. As
the Mantle of Mannanan enfolded her, no human words could tell the
love, the exultation, the pathos, the wild passion of surrender, the
music of divine and human life interblending. Faintly we echo—like
this spake the Shadow and like this the Glory.

THE SHADOW.

Who art thou, O Glory,
In flame from the deep,
Where stars chant their story,
Why trouble my sleep?
I hardly had rested,
My dreams wither now:
Why comest thou crested
And gemmed on thy brow?

THE GLORY.

Up, Shadow, and follow
The way I will show;
The blue gleaming hollow
To-night we will know,
And rise mid the vast to
The fountain of days;
From whence we had passed to
The parting of ways.

THE SHADOW.

I know thee, O Glory:
Thine eyes and thy brow
With white fire all hoary
Come back to me now.
Together we wandered
In ages ago;
Our thoughts as we pondered
Were stars at the dawn.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

My glory has dwindled,
My azure and gold :
Yet you keep enkindled
The Sun-fire of old.

My footsteps are tied to
The heath and the stone ;
My thoughts earth-allied-to—
Ah! leave me alone.

Go back, thou of gladness,
Nor wound me with pain,
Nor smite me with madness,
Nor come nigh again.

THE GLORY.

Why tremble and weep now,
Whom stars once obeyed ?
Come forth to the deep now
And be not afraid.

The Dark One is calling,
I know, for his dreams
Around me are falling
In musical streams.

A diamond is burning
In depths of the Lone
Thy spirit returning
May claim for its throne.

In flame-fringed islands
Its sorrows shall cease,
Absorbed in the silence
And quenched in the peace.

Come lay thy poor head on
My breast where it glows
With love ruby-red on
Thy heart for its woes.

My power I surrender:
To thee it is due:
Come forth, for the splendor
Is waiting for you.

THE END.

CYCLES AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

WE usually look at cycles, rather too much as merely the recurrence of events at particular times, instead of the wider view of them in their relation to us *as individuals* and in this life. And in so doing we are led to minimize their importance, as far as they affect ourselves. H. P. B. constantly impressed the importance of analogy; as above, so below—as on one plane, so on all. Referring to cycles she says: "As every sub-race and nation have their cycles and stages of developmental evolution, repeated on a smaller scale, it must be more so, in the case of a Root-race," and again, "Every Round is but the repetition, in a more concrete form, of the Round which preceded it" (*S. D.*, I. 232).

We shall have gained much when we can realize that the history of past races given in *The Secret Doctrine* is not merely the history of ourselves in the past, but the history of ourselves in the present; when we can realize that the ebb and flow of the great cosmic cycles, bringing in their wake the mighty changes affecting a world's or a race's life, have their corresponding ebb and flow within the span of human life; that the centennial wave, sweeping over a nation, is the microcosmic copy of greater waves affecting wider and wider areas, and it itself is the macrocosm of smaller waves ebbing and flowing, yearly, daily and hourly, around the individual; that the work of the Lunar Pitris, or the incarnation of the Solar Dhyanis, are the epoch events of cycles, which—cycles and epochs—are repeated to-day in all human life.

Let us briefly examine some analogies, and see how far the analogy is correct. We shall expect to find in man, both in his passage through life and in his consciousness, similar ebbing and flowing of spiritual forces as are found in the passage of a cycle; we shall expect to find his life marked by the same epochs which have marked the growth of nations or of races, we shall expect to find his consciousness disturbed by the same forces which have affected the consciousness of the larger nation or race. And we shall find it to be so; we shall see the same ebb and flow on each and every plane from the spiritual to the physical; we shall find the processes shown in the formation of a world, or in the past evolution of a Monad, displayed in miniature in each human incarnation, and having read the past we can from it read the future. Taking for analogy the evolution of the early races, given in *The Secret*

Doctrine, and the formation and development of the human being in this incarnation, we shall find in both the gradual growth and development of that which is to serve as the body for the incarnating Monad, its gradual passage up through the elemental kingdoms, from stone to animal; we shall find that in the growth of the physical embryo the same process is followed in miniature as was followed on an infinitely larger scale, and spread over enormous periods of time, in the case of the race; and we shall find, at a certain stage, the partial incarnation of the Manas, corresponding to the similar event chronicled of the Second Root-race; the full incarnation of the Manas, after the first few years of life, when the body has arrived at completion, corresponding to the incarnation of the Dhyanis into the perfected bodies of the Third Root-race.

Passing to the growth of character, we shall see in early races, as in childhood, simple animal life, becoming, as childhood and the race advance, more and more human; more and more human characteristics displaying themselves, and as in the race, the growth of Kâma accompanying that of Manas, the individual no longer passively obeying the bodily impulses, but exercising the faculty of choosing or rejecting them, and the simple *impulses* become passions and desires.

Then the gradual subsiding of the animal, giving place to the more intellectual period of middle life, and that, in its turn, yielding to the ideal old age, in which the desires, ambitions and strivings of earlier life have given place to a peaceful serenity, which has passed beyond the passions and pleasures of the world, and the groping of intellect has given place to the *knowledge* of intuition. And lastly, where the purpose of Nature has been fulfilled, the peaceful dying and death from old age, and this, says Mr. Judge, is the natural close of a cycle; the cyclic disturbances are the diseases marking an ill-spent cycle.

To take one other illustrative analogy, there is the cycle of day and night, with its sleeping and waking states of consciousness; the life cycle of rebirth and its accompanying devachanic rest; the activity and succeeding pralaya of races and worlds; the day and night of Brahmâ's manifestation. And probably a knowledge of the process of awakening would show, in the reëntry of the Ego, in the condition of the body before and during awakening, and in the coming into activity of the various senses, a process analogous to that pursued in the evolution of the race, and in the return to manifestation after a pralaya.

Lastly, we will turn to various other cycles often referred to—the solar cycle, the 19-year lunar cycle, the 600-year cycle, the centennial cycle, etc. Without entering into the question of the sense in which

the figures given of the duration of cycles is correct, we may say that time, as the term is understood, has no place in cycles as regards the individual. The Kali Yuga cycle, for example, has 400,000 years to run, yet, *vide Secret Doctrine*, the sixth sub-race, already forming, and shortly to begin, will be in its Satya Yuga. The duration of Kali Yuga, for the individual, is determined *by* the individual. To find the cycles in human life, corresponding to those referred to, we must turn to our everyday experiences.

We are all familiar with the startling and unexpected changes which come upon some men, the sudden "conversion," as it is called, of a man of hitherto evil or indifferent life, an event paralleled in the race only by the mighty energy liberated at the cycle of the incarnation of a Buddha or a Mahomet, and utterly inexplicable unless we see in it the crisis of a cycle within that one man, for which his fellow-men will yet wait many incarnations, perhaps, and which in time measurement is not due for many hundreds or thousands of years. Similarly we have the sudden collapse of the man of tried uprightness.

Who has not noticed the erratic movements of the weak, impulsive man—the man, that is to say, who is at the mercy of the smaller cyclic changes going on within him—his ready enthusiasm and noisy energy, suddenly aroused, as suddenly evaporated, his work of the morning tired of by night, who, each hour and each day, has new and more brilliant plans, all begun on the crest of the cyclic wave, and all abandoned with its ebb.

We have all felt the waves rising and falling within us; when we have made any resolution, we undertake it, seeing clearly its wisdom, and with strong confidence, or at least hope, that we shall succeed, and for a time all goes well. But before long we are conscious that the enthusiasm has died out somewhat, and then, step by step, we go down. We become despondent, and the carrying out of the resolution becomes irksome, and at last hateful. The darkness thickens, intellect steps in to show us the wisdom of abandoning the effort, the folly of the reasons which prompted it, until, at last, we can see no valid reasons for holding on. Perhaps we fail, but if we succeed it is only by the resolute *faith* that we *are* right, and the constant recognition that the darkness is only temporary, and that the dawn will come again with the turn of the cycle. And it comes and for a time the impulse is strong again, until once more the cyclic wave ebbs. But the effort which carried us successfully against the opposing stream is not lost, and with each new conquest our hold upon ourselves becomes more firm, and we are more ready to take advantage of a new wave of spiritual energy.

Our study, then, of *The Secret Doctrine* will become more and more valuable as we can translate its history into terms of human consciousness and experience; when we can apply the names of the various actors therein to our own states of consciousness, and see in the events not only history but psychology. And our study of cycles will assume a new value as we see in them not events of the past, or of the hereafter, and not of the less importance to us that they are timed for another generation or another race.

The cycle is not measured by time, the human life is not measured by years. To the happy, careless child the day has passed almost before it has begun; to the weak, pleasure-loving man the life has ended before he has lived it, and he may try, as he looks back over it, to remember *what* he was doing through the years, as a spendthrift may ask himself on *what* he has spent his wealth.

The measurement of a life is experience, and the experience of a life may be gained in an hour, the experience of a race gained in a life. The cycles are as landmarks on a journey, and he who travels fast, passes them quickly. Or, to use another simile, the cycles of the race are measured by the beats of a pendulum, and its vibrations are in our own hands. We may, if we will, progress slowly with the race, peacefully enjoying the animal life as long as it gives us pleasure, slowly and in many lives casting our animal skins; or summoning our courage, taking the advice of Nature before it is enforced, we may take in one life the pains and strugglings that for the race are spread over many lives, and by so doing bring to us, by the increased speed of the karmic pendulum, the cyclic waves of spiritual help, that in its normal beat would yet be far off.

EDGAR A. CORYN.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(Continued from p. 92.)

ALREADY she had met, at the Eddy house, her future colleague in the person of Col. H. S. Olcott. Yet the triad was not complete. Each age has known a triumvirate of visible agents of the mysterious Lodge; where was the third point of the triangle? At that moment in a bookshop, very probably, for he felt the current impulse of the tidal wave of the nineteenth century, and being a cautious and a quiet young man, did not adventure forth, but bought a book for his information. That book was *People from the Other World*, by H. S. Olcott.

Its perusal interested Mr. Judge, who determined to investigate a

bit for himself. He wrote to Colonel Olcott, asking for the address of a good medium. Colonel Olcott replied that he did not then know the address of any medium, but that he had a friend, Madame Blavatsky, who asked him to request Mr. Judge to call upon her.

The call was paid at 40, Irving Place, New York, and H. P. Blavatsky then for the first time in this life met her most devoted pupil and friend face to face, in a relationship which continued unbroken and justified that which H. P. Blavatsky herself wrote of it—“*till death and after.*” Storms there were, no doubt, as well as fullest sunshine; for the pupil was a powerful mind and the teacher was the sphinx of her era, so that intellectual tussles followed as a natural sequence, but whatever the pupil thought of the teacher was said *to her*, boldly; not a doubt or a fear concealed when these arose, as arise they must when the hour of occult teaching and trial dawns. That H. P. B. honored this openness is evidenced by her long letters—there are some of forty-eight pages—in which many a puzzle is explained with profound affection. There has been a recent attempt to make capital out of some such passing episode, turning it into a prolonged enmity on the part of Mr. Judge toward H. P. B. New, perhaps, to their odious trade, the slanderers were more silly than expert; they were unaware of the existence of these letters of H. P. B., which not only show how complete was the final understanding, but which also show through what arts, and of what individual, the temporary want of comprehension arose. It is indeed most instructive to find that one person, who, like the worm in the bud, acted as the hidden canker in two crises in India, as H. P. B. (and an official of the “Indian Section”) bluntly shows, also played the same part in the recent troubles, now so healthily ended. Disappearing, now emerging, now again in stealthy hiding, never did leopard cling closer to its spots; never was paw more alert to caress, to strike, to propel its victims here and there; never was karmic line more plainly marked out or karmic tool more mercifully—yet plainly—exposed by H. P. B. But in this instance it met with complete failure; it was as vain as will be every other attempt to separate that teacher and that pupil. Even the outside public has grasped that fact by now, turning scorn upon it, unable to realize its hidden beauty. The final verdict of H. P. B. upon the relation is an ample one. It extends over the ten years previous to her departure from our midst and is replete with a noble gratitude constantly poured forth. The splendid friendship went on its rejoicing way, a thing of life immortal, destined to pass beyond the confines of the tomb, as beyond many a mortal life, and to look with large compassion upon the self-substitution, the weighing and

counting, the trimming and checking and paring with which smaller souls, hemmed in "the mirror-lined prison of self-consciousness," adjust their balances and re-measure their gratitude when gifts have ceased to flow visibly toward them, swallowed up by the silence of the inner world. In our commercial era, there is a solemn rite known at each season's close, a rite performed with bated breath by the money-worshipper and called "Taking Stock." All errors of financial judgment are then corrected in the light of self-gain and self-loss. Can we feel surprised that souls not yet born into the free ether should thus readjust any instinctive generosity of theirs towards the dead which might tend to imperil their worldly standing? Not so; we had hoped other things, yet cannot feel surprise, but only a larger tolerance of the common human nature, which is capable, further on in evolution, of an instinctive trust, more swift than the lightning, more enduring than the everlasting hills. To have given proof of such a trust, in the teeth of all the lying testimony of material life, is to have done the world a lasting service, had no more than this been done by Mr. Judge.

After this first meeting, Mr. Judge became deeply interested in the work and teachings of Madame Blavatsky. He spent much of his time at her rooms, a witness of many of her wonderful phenomena, and ultimately, as we now know, became her disciple in the deeper arcana of Theosophy. Very soon after the acquaintance began, Mr. Judge was one of a gathering of people at the rooms of Madame Blavatsky, when she told him to ask Colonel Olcott, who was then on the other side of the room, "to found a Society." Mr. Judge did as he was requested, then called the gathering to order, assumed the chairmanship, and nominated Colonel Olcott as permanent chairman, on which he was duly elected. Colonel Olcott then took the chair, and nominated Mr. Judge as secretary. Mr. Judge was elected, and this was the beginning of the Theosophical Society. How it continued and how it grew are matters of common knowledge. When Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott sailed for India with their roving commission, they left Mr. Judge to sustain, as best he could, the parent body, the *three* being, as H. P. B. subsequently wrote, the only founders who remained true to the Cause and the Society.

Let us realize the situation. A young man, twenty-three years of age, newly married, poor, and at that time obscure, not of robust health, soon to have the future of an infant child added to his responsibilities, Mr. Judge was left virtually in charge of the interests of the Theosophical Society at its most important post, the land of which H. P. B. and himself were naturalized citizens, and for which each had

given up all rights in other countries; the land where the century's effort was duly and well inaugurated; the land which was by cyclic law predestined to bear the new race, a race grander, said H. P. Blavatsky, than any ever yet born; a race not purely local, but wholly composite as to the physical and nervous bodies, the bearers of universal influences.

It was a position in which the young lawyer seemed quite overweighted, but he did all that he could. Much or little it might have been on the external plane, and at that time. We cannot say. He was a disciple under trial, soon to be accepted and recognized, but already, so far as this life goes, a neophyte, one of a band who have taken the vow of interior poverty, and whose unseen and unrecorded work is regarded as being of far more importance than exterior, visible work. The main current of such lives runs underground. Already H. P. Blavatsky had written and said that he had been a part of herself and of the Great Lodge "for æons past" (her exact words), and that he was one of those tried Egos who have reïncarnated several times immediately after death; assisted to do so, and without devachanic rest, in order to continue his Lodge work. It is a matter of record that, when the seven years' probation of this life were over, the Master best known in connection with the T. S. sent to Mr. Judge, through H. P. B., His photograph, inscribed upon the back "to my colleague," with a cryptogram and signature; and, a little later, a letter of thanks and advice, delivered to Mr. Judge in Paris by H. P. B. A message sent to him through H. P. B. in writing from the Lodge at about this time ends by saying: "Those who do all that they can and the best they know how do enough for us." Hence, though recent mushroom criticisms of that period of Mr. Judge's work have sprung up like poisonous fungi, it would appear that H. P. Blavatsky, and Those whom she served, passed quite other judgment upon it, as abundant evidence shows.

In this period, when the young man was left thus alone, there were, all about him, the ranks of materiality densely set; Science had just recorded some of her most brilliant verdicts against Religion; Religion, thus pressed, was fierce in denunciation of Spiritualism and Theosophy, classing them with Agnosticism and Atheism. Persons who had joined the T. S. in the hope of learning more of the unseen forces of Nature, fell away upon the departure of Madame Blavatsky for India, most of them being Spiritualists, many of them still active and prominent workers along spiritualistic lines. The parent body dwindled to a mere handful of earnest souls, but it kept alive; its records were kept up by the unflagging zeal of Mr. Judge—the secretary, as will be remembered—and the sustained devotion of General Abner Doubleday.

This gentleman had been elected President of the T. S. on Colonel Olcott's departure for India. He was an officer of the regular army, and had served with conspicuous gallantry on the northern side during the war for the Union and was a man honored by the entire nation, an enthusiastic Theosophist and esotericist until his death about four years ago. He had a very great friendship and respect for the younger man who later outranked him in Theosophy, and was a representative of the type of men whom Mr. Judge then and later gathered about him, and who, without exception, are still his firm supporters and friends. This refers, be it understood, to men of the same standing as General Doubleday.

In the Convention of 1895, some ninety persons out of four thousand or thereabouts, were found, after six months' active work and search, to sign a species of memorial unfavorable to Mr. Judge. Not half a dozen of these were active workers. With a single exception they could not be said to be persons of any marked standing. They had, as against them in judgment, men and women whose names are as well known in foreign cities, or upon the great foreign exchanges, or through the United States, as they are known in the cities of their residence. Commenting upon this fact, a party of such men were lunching in New York, just after the Convention, 1895, and said to an English guest: "Here are we, whose word is our bond in the communities where we live and beyond them; we can raise thousands of dollars upon our mere word at half an hour's notice, and that financial test is the great test of the present time. We know Judge intimately; we have seen him almost daily for years. He can have anything he wants of us, and he wants nothing for himself. We know his character and daily life; the whole community knows it, and we know these charges are untrue. A man is known where he lives as he is known nowhere else. We are by no means fools, as our business contemporaries can tell you, and we stand by Judge to a man."

(To be continued.)

GOOD AND EVIL.

To hate what is bad and wrong: of course you know that is not wise, yet even knowing such a thing it is often difficult to act up to our beliefs. Why? Is it not because we do not really understand and cannot therefore sympathize? I think that is the reason. We cannot love what is evil, but what we can do is to accept it all as part of the whole. There is so much in ACCEPTATION. It is not necessary, I

think, to "penetrate with the power of love" what is evil. But this does not mean persons; it means actions. Persons are but masks for the divine which lies behind. We are one with that divine. But wrong actions we cannot and should not love. Still we can accept them, we can tolerate them. But it is difficult. Will you think of this: Every virtue embosoms a sleeping vice, and just in the same way every vice contains within itself a potential virtue. Now that sounds terrible at first, yet what does it mean? I think this: We come in time to think no longer of good and evil in the ordinary way. We come to see that vice and wickedness is but misdirected energy or power. We look at things universally, and instead of judging persons we look on them as centres in and through which there manifests the One Life, the One Consciousness, the One Substance. Here one may take the One Life as meaning the same as the One Spirit.

And we further know that all things are dual in manifested nature; that they are polar. Also that force, the universal force, is in itself pure and without color, but that our own minds color that force and turn it to either what we call good or evil purposes. So we can come to look upon evil as so much perverted force, so much misdirected energy. It loses its personal character. We cannot hate a force. We can accept it as part of the whole.

PROPAGANDA.

Fergus. WHENEVER I hear of propaganda I always think of Humanity as a great, helpless being which has to be coaxed and taken care of, even as a little child. This attitude of mind tends to lower my opinion of the race, and therefore I dislike propaganda. I should explain that I associate with the word a militant spirit, which loves argument and controversy. I cannot think that such a spirit is necessary. I believe that our duty is to "bear witness of the Light," and no more. The Self, finding expression in the soul of everyone, will do the rest. I believe all controversy, for the reason that it creates a desire to prove another at fault and hence fosters disharmony, to be a wrongful waste of energy which might be used for greater good on inner planes of being. What do I mean? I mean that the pure man, even though he live on a desert island, is a greater power in the world than any other, though the latter be our greatest orator or man of letters.

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Emer. What zealous propagandists we were truly when Theosophy first showed us the Path. Later, perplexities, pitfalls and obstacles increased with the hot glare of the day. Propaganda! What can we tell of this labyrinth? We get some help from comrades' voices floating back. Is it these, half understood, we shall reëcho, or are we to try to reäwaken our first wonder at what is now to us so obvious? The confidence and knowledge we have gained are not expressible. What says the Law? "Freely ye have received, freely give." Pausing, desirous to serve, we look back. Numberless tiny branching paths converge to where we stand. Some rules of the road become clear. It was foolish to wish to drag every other person to our starting-point, each one having his own. Instead of our previous trumpeting that *we* had found the Path, we try to rouse some slumberers to see it shining at their feet too; to comrades close behind we can give some hint of warning, and encouragement and sympathy to all. Propaganda is much more than stating unfamiliar truths.

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Omar. For me propaganda means propaganda in Ireland, and what I have to consider is the spirit of Theosophy in relation to the genius of the Celt. By Theosophy I mean the divinity and the brotherhood of man, and as the notes of the Celt are rich imaginings, glow, natural magic, vivid affections, we must translate our beliefs from philosophy into poetry—by which I mean the art of uttering truth at white heat—if we would reach him. And as his feeling is for magic rather than for law, we should be better employed in firing his nature through the presentment of ideals of transcendent perfection than by proving to him the justice of life on this plane; and by fixing his affections on the divine in man than by demonstrating the reasonableness of Reïncarnation, for it and Karma do not reveal their full value until the need for an intellectual statement of spiritual beliefs has arisen, and our work is rather to direct into wider channels than they find at present the aspirations and dreams which are our nation's heritage.

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Alecto. The main work of H. P. Blavatsky was to show the identity of the various world-religions and philosophies, in their original aspects, with the archaic Wisdom-Religion. That is a line of effort she by no means exhausted. Armed with the teachings, rightly understood, of *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, *Patanjali*, etc., and with some intuition, what enormous fields of exegesis, retranslation and illustration still remain unutilized by students of

Theosophy! Many Sacred Books of the East have been dealt with by competent students, but what about the Sacred Books of the West? Some recent translations which have appeared in these pages from both Greek and Mexican manuscripts give a clue to the extensive field of work still almost untouched. Continual restatements of cardinal points of occult philosophy from various standpoints are needed, *e.g.*, Anderson's works on *Reincarnation* and *Septenary Man*. Vast realms of ancient knowledge, accumulated by such men as Gerald Massey or Lord Kingsborough, await the application of the keys which H. P. B. has given us; as well as the Hebrew and Greek writings of Old and New Testaments, canonical and apocryphal, not to mention the Celtic manuscripts of Ireland.

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Pan. I think the real thing to be remembered amid all this endeavor, which expresses itself in so many ways in speech and literature, is that none of these things really convince or illuminate unless we ourselves are what we speak of. Do words ever convey thought of themselves? Is there not an interior clairvoyance of the soul which, while we look at the printed page or listen to the oration, seeks beyond and gazes at the living original? If it finds a darkness there and not a light, is it really sustained by eloquent words? I think not. We cannot exert more power than we have got. "Though I speak with the angelic tongue and have not love, it is nothing." The man who tells some comparatively simple truth, some impulse of the self-conscious spiritual nature, often inspires far more than the intellectual range which begins somewhere back of the First Logos, and yet refers to books as authority. The reference to authority does not become those who would teach that within us is the Light of the World. Before we speak of these grandeurs let us seek for their august counterparts, their resting-place within our own souls, and let us ever after speak and act from that consciousness and we shall do our work well and may leave the rest to the Warrior eternal and sure.

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Red Man. I cannot say that I feel qualified to speak on this subject of propaganda, for I have never taken any direct part in the propagation of Theosophy. As far as spreading the principles of Theosophy in Ireland is concerned, lectures seem to be of more use than anything else. To these a few enquiring spirits always come. Sometimes they are opposed to Theosophy, sometimes not. Whichever way it is, they listen to the—to them—new and strange teachings put forward, and then go away and talk about them afterwards. And they